THE DAILY STAR

TUESDAY.............NOVEMBER 23

THE ORATORICAL JOYCE, it will be remembered, implicated a large number of the most distinguished men in the country, with himself and Con. Megrue, in the whisky frauds at St. Louis. Among these was Col. Grosvenor. And now comes Grosvenor, and in a public card utterly denies Joyce's exceedingly soft impeachment. Joyce had better cease his braying, or he may succeed in writing himself down an ass. It is a common trick of such villains to try to implicate better men than themselves in their villainy.

THE N. Y. *Graphic* is coming to profound grief. It has held a high head and a flowing mane. And now becomes public the charge that its monetary success is altogether owing to a studied system of blackmailing ever since it began. Its hyfalutin correspondent, George Alfred Townsend, who is so intimate with the St. Louis whisky crookedness, should now tell us all about the *Graphic* crookedness. Go ahead, George. Sail in, Alfred. Let 'em rip, Townsend. Be graphic.

THE Cincinnati *Times* has been discoursing very largely if not learnedly, of late, about the poetry of Goldsmith and the apothegms of Erasmus, and sich. Of course the *Times* was perfectly *au fait* in the matter of simile, metaphor, trope, and so on. Being thus master of all the forms of figurative speech known to Rhetoric, we beg the *Times* to explain to a waiting and pensive public what figure of speech this little expression from its yesterday's homily on Halstead belongs to,—"As the campaign progresses, these false impressions of his character will be dissipated like *the mist before the morning dew!*" So spake the *Times;* and some bad boys around went "*Whee-haw!*"

CURIOUS CRIMINAL PRACTICE.

The administration of criminal law in this city seems to be growing into one of the fine arts. The refinement of the science consists in showing just how not to do it. The case as reported in our local columns shows how a man named Stern *alias* Parsons, or Parsons *alias* Stern, was arrested, indicted, and imprisoned for forgery, and remained awaiting his trial. But, *presto*, and the prisoner is found at liberty, gone, the whole world before him where to choose, and not a sign of a bail-bond taken to ensure his return; nothing but a wee bit of writing ordering the Sheriff to set him at large into the kind care and keeping of the prosecuting witness, signed by the Prosecuting Attorney of Hamilton county.

To say the least of this transaction, it wears an aspect of most woful mismanagement on the part of the officers of the county. What authority has the Prosecuting Attorney for giving an order for a prisoner's release when under an indictment and confined by order of Court? What would be the consequences of such a practice, when the Prosecuting Attorney is at liberty on his own motion to discharge a prisoner from custody without bringing him before the Court? Crime and corruption would hold high carnival, and money could work the release of the most desperate criminals.

Granting that the prosecuting witness promised to bring him back again, that does not mend the case in the slightest degree. That promise might be binding in honor, but is not in the law. And if our Prosecutor exercises the authority to release prisoners on the pledge of some man's honor, we had better have another statutory form of bail-bond drawn immediately, leaving out the matter of a money forfeiture altogether; and take a solemn hypothecation of the bondsman's honor. Prosecutor Gerrard may think this a very good plan for protecting the State, but nobody else will.

The whole transaction is disgraceful to every party concerned in it, excepting the prisoner; and it behooves the Courts to look sharply into this specimen of sharp practice in the criminal law, where the Prosecutor takes upon himself to nullify the finding of the Grand Jury, and to order a discharge without consulting the Court or entering a *nolle prosequi* on the record. In this matter an investigation is in order.

RETRENCHMENT IN SALARIES.

The general cutting down of official salaries is one indication of a return to a sound basis for business. Whenever the salaries of public office are of such magnitude as to make office itself a money-making business, the more needy among political aspirants will be the most clamorous for place. Under such a stimulus for the attainment of office, the most unscrupulous measures will be resorted to by men of desperate fortunes to better their condition. Moved by such unworthy impulses, the seekers and holders of office can not be expected to exercise the privileges and perform the duties of office with any laudable ambition to promote the public good. All must be made subservient to the money-grabbing propensity that incited them to seek the office in the first instance.

The steady and rather rapid increase of official salaries, that marked the period of war, has met a decided check under the pressure of the times within the last three years. If the enhancement of salaries resulted in securing a corresponding efficiency of service, the increase might not be improper nor indiscreet. But so far from securing that result, it has been found that the increase in salaries has resulted in deterioration of the service. When salaries are kept at but moderate rates, so that they are compensatory without being speculative, they are not seized upon by unworthy ring-masters and bummers; and good men, with an honest purpose to be useful to the public, are sought for the place, and discharge their duties faithfully. Let any one, who will, look back to a period when the salaries of our city officials were little more than one half the present rates, and he will find that the public service was far more ably and faithfully performed then than now.

The city of New York has commenced a radical retrenchment in this regard. The Mayor's salary they propose to reduce from $13,500 to $12,000. The Comptroller's pay will be cut down from $17,000 to $10,000 annually. The collector of city revenue will get $4,000 instead of $14,400. The counsel for the corporation must take $15,000 in place of $21,500. The three police commissioners are to be razeed from $45,000 to $18,000. And so on through the whole city pay-roll of official salaries. And, certainly, under the proposed reduction, the compensation, which before was extravagant, still remains ample.

The result of this will be that from that city's aggregate of salaries of $838,250 per annum, the amount will be reduced to $422,107, almost one-half. This is a movement in the right direction. When other people must economize in business expenses to meet the pressure of the times, our municipal corporations should be the first to set the example of retrenchment. Those who receive the people's money should be the first to share in the reduction that the people must prescribe for themselves. We trust that this proceeding on the part of that city may become contagious, and that our city of Cincinnati may catch it, and have a thorough attack of the same.

ED. STAR: We read and hear so much of the Mormon territory that I have become curious to know why that territory was called "Utah;" a name so foreign to our speech, and having no place, so far as I can trace it, in our cognate tongues. Will you please enlighten

AN INQUIRER?

The query propounded by our inquiring correspondent is not an uncommon one. Many persons have put the same question to their own minds: and the supposition has been that it was an Indian word derived from the speech of some aboriginal tribe of that region now known as Utah.

But the word "Utah" is of Egyptian origin, and belongs to the hieroglyphic characters of that most ancient speech. From thence it was engrafted upon the Aramaic and the Canaanitic, or Phœnician, dialects; and through them was introduced into the Hebrew as their cognate tongue.

In the sacerdotal writings of the ancient Egyptians the word *U-tah* signifies "the eye"; and as such was a sacred character in the name of the great deity of the Egyptians, "*Osiris,*" meaning "the strong," "the Almighty;" and for this the Sun was the material representative, and object of worship. In this connection, then, "Utah," "the eye" stood as signifying the "source of light," "illumination." And as such, the learned men of the Mormons, whose studies of the antique are well known, have probably given to their new and far-off territory the name of "Utah," the source of light.

THERE is a smart little breeze springing up along the Rio Grande that bids fair to end in a typhoon, unless Mexico restrains her cattle thieves and marauders general. So villainous had these depredations upon our side of the river become that a detachment of the mounted troops of Texas forgot just where the Mexican boundary line was, and plunged forward in pursuit, and actually made captures on Mexican soil. One, or two, or possibly three, such instances of absence of mind may be explained or apologized for; but when they get to be chronic, the question of "sacred rights of sovereignty" will rise up, and with it the question of pushing the Mexican line further on towards the Gulf of California. So Tom Scott's railroad will have full swing from that Gulf to the Gulf of Mexico. And really we don't see any better use to put that country to.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND, as he signs his name to all his challenges, has written a full account of the true inwardness of the St. Louis whisky ring frauds, in the N. Y. *Graphic.* The fact is the said George Alfred has told a good many things, of his own personal knowledge, more than an innocent man ought to know. Mr. G. A. T. had better rise up and explain himself and his connection with this mystery of iniquity.

"BAD BLOOD" is said to have sprung up between Victoria Woodhull and her "Col." Blood, and she has shaken him off. Who next? The situation is now vacant. Apply early and often.

The splendors of the trousseau of the young daughter of the Duke of Alba, brother-in-law to Empress Eugenie, who has just married the Duke of Medina-Coeli, the wealthiest man in Spain, may be inferred from the outlay in pocket-handkerchiefs. There are sixty of these objects, one dozen of which cost $2,400, the rest being somewhat less costly, but still enormously expensive. The mere embroidering of the Ducal arms on the dozen handkerchiefs cost $1,400. The arms of Berwick are joined with those of Medina-Coeli in these wonderful "wipes," the double escutheon being embroidered in gold by a new system of metallic thread, being perfectly flexible, of pure gold, and that does not change in washing.

The long-wristed glove, requiring three or four buttons to fasten it, with ornamental stitching on the back, is the choice for all but evening dress. Those for full dress are now lengthened to cover the arms to the elbow, and require from six to twelve buttons to fasten them.

Fourteen summers ago she went back on a feller because he was left-handed. She now shares life's joys and sorrows with a man possessing an eye of glass, a leg of the finest hickory, with one ear absent, and who is immense in the deaf and dumb alphabet. So much for waiting a few years.

THE TWO ROSES.

BY BENEDETTA.

[Boston Traveller.]

If Clare was fatigued, she seemed to have no intention of going to bed, for after taking down a mass of glossy black hair and braiding it in one large braid, and putting on a soft warm wrapper, she seated herself before the open fire.

"Now, Clare Whaitley," she said, in a low voice, "I want to have a talk with you, before I give sleep to my eyelids this night. A good honest talk, too."

"First, then you love Donald Lyon, and have loved him ever since he visited you four years ago. Next, Donald Lyon does not love you and never did. He was the first man whom you did not succeed in bringing to your feet when you tried. Oh, we can afford to be honest, very honest," she said, as she felt the hot blood mantle cheek and brow. "It is a desperate game you have to play now, Clare Whaitley. Donald Lyon loves Constance Ashley, but as I am a living, breathing woman, he shall never wed her, and failing there, perhaps I yet may win. I can afford to wait."

For an hour Clare Whaitley sat with knitted brow and compressed lips thinking. Then she retired to rest and slept as quietly as if she had never thought of evil.

It was two days before the grand party at Villa Doane was to come off. Mrs. Doane and Constance had driven to the city to attend to some necessary preparations for the festival night. Clare had excused herself from accompanying them on the plea of a severe headache. All the morning Clare sat engrossed with her own thoughts—not very pleasant ones, if one could judge from the looks of her face. As she rose in answer to the summons of the lunch bell, her eye fell on a number of letters which Watson had brought in on his return from the village. Mechanically she turned them over to see if there was one for her. "One for Mrs. Doane, two for herself, and what is this?" she exclaimed. "Constance Ashley, written in Donald Lyon's square, decided hand." She knew his writing—she had never seen any other like it. Hastily concealing the letter between her own she took them in her hand to the dining-room. "I will ring for you if you are needed," she said to the sable girl, who at once left the room.

As soon as she found herself alone, she held the letter belonging to Constance over the streaming coffee urn, thus softening the seal; then with a delicate paper cutter opened it without tearing.

Ah! what do you read, treacheous Clare Whaitley, that makes your cheeks pale and your glistening teeth bite your lips in rage. We will read also:

MISS ASHLEY: I have met many women abroad and in my own country, but among them all, I have met none for whom I entertained for a single moment other than sentiments of esteem and friendship. I have met you, Constance Ashley, and I find myself powerfully influenced and governed by a sentiment which is not alone esteem. I love you, Constance. I avow it. I love you. How much I love you I dare not write. What I have written may not be pleasing to you, but if it is not displeasing to you, will you do me the favor to wear a red rose in your hair on the night of the party; if you are displeased wear a white one, that I may be in no suspense. You will not see me again until that night.
DONALD LYON.

Clare re-read the note, carefully folded and returned it to the envelope, which, upon returning to the library, she sealed again. Leaving the letter with her own, unopened on the table as she found them, she went to her room, threw herself upon the lounge where she was busy thinking, until she was interrupted by the entrance of Constance on her return from the city.

"Why, you poor child," exclaimed Constance, with a voice full of sympathy, "did your headache drive you to the lounge? I am sorry, but perhaps the two letters I have for you here will make you better," she added, handing them to Clare. "I found them on the library table."

"Thank you, dear," said Clare, in a languid voice as she took the letter in her hand. "I did not expect any letters at all this week, and so did not look on the table for them when I went to lunch."

"But how tired you look, Constance. Do go and rest until tea is ready."

"I am rather tired and I think I will take your advice."

When Constance had left the room, a cruel smile played about Clare's lips as she said to herself: "Yes, go and read the note I know you have in your pocket, but whatever your decision may be, mine is that you shall wear a white rose in your hair for Donald Lyon two nights hence. My plans are too well laid to be thwarted now, I fancy."

When Constance reached her room she drew the note from her pocket. "I wonder who this can be from," she said; "I do not recognize the writing, which is very peculiar." After examining closely again, she opened it.

Ah, Constance, we will not pry into your secret just now. We will leave you with your fair face buried in your hands while you are busy with your own thoughts. We will wait to see if you place in your hair, two nights hence, a red rose or a white one.

The day of the party dawned clear and bright, and with it came Philip Bradley.

It would be useless to deny that Constance was a little sorry that he should have arrived that day. She knew on her would depend his entertainment, especially during the evening, as she was, with the exception of Richard, the only one at all acquainted with him.

Clare secretly rejoiced at his coming, for she knew that Constance, with true politeness, would devote herself to his entertainment for Katie Burke's sake, and it became the foundation of another well laid plan during the day, which, if carried out, would make her success doubly sure.

"Oh, Constance, will you do me a favor?" said Clare, entering the former's room as she was dressing, "I have with me a diamond ring of great value, belonging to a friend of mine, who wished me to get it re-set for her at the North. It came home from the jeweler's yesterday, and has been a source of anxiety to me ever since, for fear it would either get lost or stolen. I do not dare leave it in my room to-night, as the room is to be open for a dressing-room, and there are to be strange servants in the house. I wish you would wear it for me to-night under your glove. I would wear it myself, but it is too small for me. Will you do me the favor Constance? I shall feel quite easy then."

"Certainly I will, if it will afford you any relief. Where is it? I should not think it would fit my finger if it does not yours," said Constance.

Clare placed her own engagement ring on the forefinger of Constance Ashley's left hand.

"You had better wear it there," she said, "for I fear it might get injured if you wore it on a finger with other rings."

"Oh what a lovely stone, and what an elegant setting," said Constance, as she examined the ring.

"Yes, it is very valuable indeed. It is an heirloom, and I would not have anything happen to it, while in my possession, for anything."

"I shall be careful to return it to you before I sleep," said Constance.

"Don't do it before, I beg of you, for I don't want any care of it this evening—it would spoil all my fun. Lucky you are to wear gloves, otherwise your friends might think you were engaged."

"I shall be very careful to keep my glove on, I can assure you," laughed Constance, the color rushing to her face.

"I must go this minute," said Clare, "or I shall not get dressed. Many thanks for the relief you have so kindly afforded me by wearing the ring. Oh, what color are you going to wear in you hair?" she asked carelessly as she was leaving the room. "We will not wear the same. I thought I should wear a pink, but I will wear something else if you wish to wear it."

"I think I shall wear red. Perhaps a red rose with some smilax."

"That will be pretty," said Clare, as she hurried away.

Just before it was time to descend, Clare went again to Constance. In her sleeve was concealed a white rose.

"Are you ready, dear?" she said. "Let me see how you look. Lovely as usual—but if you will allow me I would suggest that the flowers in your hair be placed a little lower. Sit down here and I will arrange them for you."

"Certainly," said Constance, "and thank you, too. I could not arrange them very well myself."

"If you will turn your head this way I can see better," said Clare, turning her from the glass. "There, that is better." At that moment a call from Richard hurried them from the room, and without another look in the glass Constance descended with Clare.

Clare Whaitley, why does not your face in redness of shame rival the rose you hold crushed in your handkerchief. Why is your face nearly as white as the rose you have placed in Constance Ashley's hair?

Constance entered the crowded room leaning on Philip Bradley's arm.

Donald Lyon was Clare Whaitley's escort. Clare watched him as he gave an eager, hurried glance toward Constance, who was a few steps in advance of them. See saw the look of disappointment on his face as he beheld the white rose. Then was her time.

"Ah! I see you are looking at our lovely Constance. I do not wonder that Mr. Bradley looks upon her with such pride. They will make a splendid couple. I wish you might have a peep at the elegant diamond she wears to-night, for the first time. Mr. Bradley must have great wealth to spend such an enormous sum for an engagement ring. Constance seems radiantly happy, and I am glad for her, but do not see why she kept her engagement secret."

Donald Lyon listened as if he heard not, and yet every word fell distinctly upon his ear. His face turned ghastly pale. "It is stifling here, Miss Whaitley," he said.

"I fear you are ill, Mr. Lyon," said Clare; "you are looking pale."

"I am not well and should not have come," was the answer.

"Richard," he said, as they met Mr. Doane, "I am sorry, but I believe I am unable to remain this evening. Excuse me to the ladies, please," and gracefully handing Clare to her cousin, went to the dressing-room, and in a few moments was on his way home.

As soon as possible, Mr. Doane told his wife and Constance of Donald's illness.

"I did not know of his arrival," said Constance.

"I think he did not enter the room at all," said Richard. "I met him in the hall."

"Oh, yes; he entered the room with me, and was coming toward Constance when he suddenly turned pale and hastened out," said Clare, who was standing near.

Constance felt relieved at this. He had seen the rose, then. She devoted herself even more carefully to the entertainment and comfort of Mr. Bradley, feeling glad, on the whole, that Donald was not there.

"Constance," said Clare, after supper, "the flowers in your hair droop sadly; shall I not put in some fresh ones?"

"No, I think not; but if you will take them out I will thank you."

Clare removed them and quickly threw them out of an open window near.

"Oh, Clare, that is too bad. I wanted the rose," said Constance.

"You silly girl; get a fresh one from the conservatory," said Clare.

"Oh, it is no consequence," laughed Constance.

"I think," said Richard, the next morning, "I will call and see how Donald is, as I go to the train."

"Mr. Lyon left early this morning for New York. Important business must have demanded his attention, as he left very suddenly, saying he did not know when he should return," said Mrs. Atwood, the housekeeper, in answer to Richard's inquiry for Donald.

"How did you find Mr. Lyon this morning?" inquired Mrs. Doane of her husband.

"I did not find him at all. He has gone to New York on business, so I suppose he must be better."

"When will he be home?" inquired Clare.

"I do not know; he left no word."

Constance did not feel at all disturbed by Donald's movements. She had perfect confidence in him.

Two days after this Clare suddenly made up her mind to leave Chester.

"I think I shall spend a few days in New York on my return," she said. "I have heard of the arrival there of some of my Southern friends, whom I should like to see. I fear if I remain here longer, I shall miss them."

The first thing Clare did, on reaching her hotel, was to ascertain if Donald Lyon was there.

Yes, he was there. At supper she met him, and expressed great astonishment at beholding him.

Donald was equally surprised at meeting Clare. "I thought," he said, "you were going to make quite a visit at Chester."

"Well, to tell the truth, I was a little homesick and thought I would come here for a change. I do not know but I will be as homesick here, as I have no friends in the city."

"Excepting myself," said Donald. "I shall remain here a week or two, and am at your service. I see there is some attraction at the Academy to-night, and if you please we will go there."

Clare could hardly conceal her triumph as she accepted Donald's invitation.

"To-morrow promises to be fair," said Donald, on their return from the concert. "Suppose we ride to the Park in the morning."

"I should like it much," was Clare's answer.

"Then we will go."

For a week, Donald Lyon devoted himself to Clare, but it was simply a polite devotion, and Clare's confidence was beginning to be somewhat shaken.

One very rainy day, Donald was seated in a cafe waiting for coffee to be brought, when glancing up from his paper his eye fell on Philip Bradley, sitting quite near him. He was not at all acquainted with him, but a strong desire to hear from Villa Doane impelled him to accost him. In a few minutes the two gentlemen were in conversation.

"Chester is a charming place," said Philip.

"Yes, it is a lovely place. I do not wonder you find it attractive, especially in the region of Villa Doane. Allow me, Mr. Bradley, to congratulate you on your engagement with Miss Ashley. You have won a rare gem."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lyon, but I think you are laboring under a mistake. I am not engaged to Miss Ashley, but to an intimate friend of hers."

"Excuse me," said Donald. "I have been misinformed."

"So, Clare Whaitley, you have deceived me. It remains for me to find out how much," said Donald to himself, as he packed his valise preparatory to leaving in the night train.

"I start for home this evening, Miss Whaitley," he said to Clare, as they met at dinner. "Have you any word to send to Villa Doane? By the way, I met Mr. Bradley, to-day," he added, looking directly into Clare's face.

Clare turned ashy pale. She knew Donald had found out a part of her deception, at least.

"I do not think of any message to send," she said.

Donald politely bade her adieu, and was soon on his homeward journey.

All night, as the train rushed on, he was busy with perplexing thought. That Clare had told him a deliberate falsehood concerning the diamond ring, he had no doubt; but that she had anything to do with the white rose did not occur to him.

Before his journey was half completed he had decided that although Constance was not engaged to Mr. Bradley, yet she did not care for him. "I may retain her for a friend, although I may not hope for more than this," thought he.

Constance Ashley sat alone in the library. Mr. and Mrs. Doane were spending the night in the city. While her hands were busy, her thoughts were busier. Why had she not heard from Donald Lyon? He must be ill in New York. He ought not to have gone while he was sick.

In her hair, Constance wore a red rose—she seemed to prefer red roses lately—but none but herself knew why.

The sound of bells and the rapid coming of a sleigh along the avenue, caused her to start and listen. A moment later and Donald Lyon stood before her.

"I am so glad to see you," she said; "I feared you were ill."

"I have just returned from New York," he said, "and being impatient to see you all, drove over immediately after dinner."

As he spoke, he glanced at her hand, on which was no diamond ring—then at the rose in her hair.

"Where are Richard and your sister," he asked, as he seated himself by the fire.

"They are in the city, at a friend of Richard's, for the night."

"Will you allow me, Miss Ashley, to see the diamond ring you have been wearing lately? I have heard it was very elegant."

"Oh, that was Clare's, or rather it belonged to a friend of hers. I wore it one evening for safe keeping at her request."

"Ah! then it was not an engagement ring given you by Mr. Bradley, as I was informed. I supposed it was."

"Why, how could you, Mr. Lyon, when you saw—you could not have supposed me so unwomanly as to—," faltered Constance, turning crimson and leaving her sentence unfinished.

"When I saw *what,* Miss Ashley? Do you mean the white rose in your hair?"

"*White* rose, in my hair, Mr. Lyon?" said Constance in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes; did you not wear a white rose the night of the party?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lyon. I do not understand you. I think we will not talk of roses any more."

"Excuse me, Miss Ashley, but I think we will talk of roses. Be so good, I beg of you, as to tell me if you did not place a white rose in your hair."

"I did not."

"You wore one. Some one must have placed it there?"

"No. Clare Whaitley rearranged the flowers for me."

"Ah, Clare Whaitley. She it was who told me of your engagement to Mr. Bradley. The mystery is solved. She must have seen the note I sent you, and, when she rearranged the flowers, substituted white for red. Was it red, Constance, my darling," said Donald, rising and looking down into her fair, blushing face. "Tell me, is the color you wear to-night what you meant to wear that night? Take it out, if it is not," he added.

The red rose nestled undisturbed in the bright hair which Donald stroked almost reverentially in his great happiness.

"We can afford to forgive Clare," said Donald. "Poor girl, she played a desperate game, but the red rose won, did it not?"

"Yes, we are too happy not to forgive," said Constance.

Three months after the engagement of Donald and Constance, the marriage of Clare Whaitley and Charles Kingsley appeared in the papers.

"I wonder what Mr. Kingsley would say if he knew the story of the diamond ring?" said Donald.

The next fall found Constance installed the honored and beloved mistress of The Oaks, where roses red and roses white bloomed the year round.

[The End.]

The average juryman:—In the "Scannell trial at New York for murder the intelligence of the average juryman was made to appear in about this wise. On being called as a juror, Isaac Levi was asked by the District Attorney:

"Have you any conscientious scruples on the subject of capital punishment?"

Levi—I never read a word about.

District Attorney Phelps (laughing)—I didn't ask you whether you had or not. I ask you if you have any scruples on the subject of capital punishment?

Levi—No, sir; I was sick at the time.

District Attorney Phelps—What do you mean?

Levi—I was sick and didn't read the papers. [Laughter.]

District Attorney Phelps—I want you to tell me whether you have any scruples on the subject of capital punishment?

Levi (shaking his head)—No, sir.

District Attorney Phelps—Do you know what capital punishment is?

Levi (emphatically)—No, sir. [Great laughter.]

Judge Barrett—Oh, that will do, sir.

The Adams and American Express Companies employ about 8,000 men, 1,900 horses, 1,200 wagons, and use 3,000 iron safes.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

	Depart, Cin'ti.	Arrive, Cin'ti.	Arrive, Dest'on.
New York Ex daily	11:00A.M.	5:15A.M.	7:20P.M.
New York Ex daily	9:50P.M.	5:15P.M.	6:50A.M.

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.
Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 4 minutes slow.

Louisville Ex daily	5:50A.M.	6:45P.M.	10:20A.M.
Louisville (ex Sun)	3:00P.M.	12:45P.M.	7:45P.M.
Louisville (daily)	8:05P.M.	5:30A.M.	12:35P.M.

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Park'b'g Express	8:45A.M.	2:20P.M.	5:45P.M.
Park'b'g Ex	4:55P.M.	7:10P.M.	10:30A.M.
Park'b'g Ex daily	10:30P.M.	4:50A.M.	7:25A.M.
Chillicothe Ac	4:30P.M.	9:30A.M.	8:35P.M.
Hillsboro Ac	3:30P.M.	9:30A.M.	6:40P.M.
Loveland Ac	11:15A.M.	6:55A.M.	12:35P.M.
Loveland Ac	5:10P.M.	8:00A.M.	6:25P.M.
Loveland Ac	6:10P.M.	4:30P.M.	7:35P.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore Ex	8:45A.M.	2:30P.M.	8:40A.M.
Baltimore Ex	4:55P.M.	7:10P.M.	2:35P.M.
Baltimore Ex daily	10:30P.M.	4:50A.M.	10:45P.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS.
Depot, Kilgour and Front. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore Ex daily	7:15A.M.	2:50A.M.	8:40A.M.
Baltimore Ex	7:05P.M.	4:40A.M.	10:45P.M.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.
Depot, Mill and Front. Time, 12 minutes slow.

St. Louis Ac	6:30A.M.	10:15P.M.	9:30P.M.
St. Louis Fast Line	7:30A.M.	8:40P.M.	7:40P.M.
St. Louis Ex daily	7:20P.M.	7:35A.M.	8:25A.M.
Cairo Mail	7:30A.M.	8:40P.M.	9:40P.M.
Evansville Ex	7:20P.M.	7:45A.M.	11:00A.M.
Kansas City Ex	7:30A.M.	8:40P.M.	9:40A.M.
Louisville Ac	6:30A.M.	8:30P.M.	1:00P.M.
Louisville Ex	7:30A.M.	8:40P.M.	1:00P.M.
Louisville Ex (d'ily)	2:40P.M.	11:30P.M.	8:10P.M.
Louisville Ex (d'ily)	7:20P.M.	... ...	12:10A.M.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI, VIA SPRINGFIELD DIVISION.

Springfield Ex	7:30p m.	7:45a.m	10:50a.m.
Shawneetown Ex	7:30a.m.	7:45a m.	9:30p m.
Shawneetown Ex	7:20p.m.	8:40p.m.	1:15p.m.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot—Fifth and Hoadly. Time—7 minutes fast.

Dayton Ex. daily	11:00A.M.	5:15P.M.	1:15P.M.
Dayton Ex.	6:00P.M.	9:20A.M.	7:15P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily	9:30P.M.	6:15A.M.	12:05A.M.
Toledo Ex	7:15A.M.	10:00P.M.	4:30P.M.
Toledo Ex. daily	9:50P.M.	5:15A.M.	6:35A.M.
Toledo Ac	2:30P.M.	4:00P.M.	11:55P.M.
Indianapolis Mail	7:15A.M.	10:00P.M.	12:45P.M.
Indianapolis Ac	1:15P.M.	5:55P.M.	6:40P.M.
Connersville Ac	5:20P.M.	9:20A.M.	8:35P.M.
Ind. Ex (ex Sat)	7:00P.M.	12:00M.	[illegible]
Richmond Ac	2:30P.M.	1:40P.M.	7:40P.M.
Chicago Ex	8:00A.M.	9:40P.M.	7:40P.M.
Chicago Ex daily	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	7:40A.M.
Hamilton Ac	9:00A.M.	12:00M.	10:15A.M.
Hamilton Ac	5:20P.M.	9:50A.M.	6:35P.M.
Hamilton Ac	4:30P.M.	7:10P.M.	6:45P.M.
Hamilton Ac	6:15P.M.	7:55A.M.	7:20P.M.
Hamilton Ac	7:15P.M.	10:30P.M.	8:30P.M.
Hamilton Ac	10:00A.M.	1:40P.M.	11:10A.M.
Hamilton Ac	11:20P.M.	6:45A.M.	12:45A.M.
Glendale Ac	1:00A.M.	8:45A.M.	7:30A.M.
Glendale Ac	3:30P.M.	6:25P.M.	4:20P.M.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND AND CHICAGO.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Chicago Mail	8:00A.M.	9:40P.M.	8:40P.M.
Richmond Ac	2:30P.M.	1:40P.M.	7:40P.M.
Chicago Ex daily	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	7:40A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND INDIANAPOLIS.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Indianapolis Ex	7:15A.M.	10:00P.M.	12:45P.M.
Peoria Ex	1:15P.M.	5:55P.M.	3:35A.M.
Connersville Ac	5:20P.M.	9:20A.M.	8:25P.M.
Peoria Ex. (ex Sat.)	7:00P.M.	12:00M.	10:55A.M.

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Morning Mail	8:00A.M.	9:4 P.M.	9:25P.M.
Night Ex. (ex Sat.)	7:00P.M.	8:56[illegible]	[illegible]

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Boston Ex	7:00A.M.	6:00P.M.	4:50P.M.
Cleveland Ex	10:50A.M.	10:10P.M.	9:10P.M.
New York Ex daily	9:40P.M.	6:00A.M.	7:00A.M.
Springfield Ac	8:55A.M.	8:50P.M.	12:05A.M.
Springfield Ac	2:30P.M.	10:10A.M.	5:55P.M.
Dayton Ac	5:30P.M.	7:45A.M.	7:50P.M.
Maud's Ac	6:25P.M.	6:45A.M.	7:30P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND COLUMBUS.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Columbus Ex	7:00A.M.	10:10P.M.	11:15A.M.
Columbus Ex	10:30A.M.	3:50P.M.	4:15P.M.
Columbus Ac	2:30P.M.	10:10P.M.	10:10P.M.

CINCINNATI AND SANDUSKY.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Sandusky Ex	8:55A.M.	6:00P.M.	5:50P.M.
Sandusky Ex daily	9:40P.M.	6:00A.M.	8:00A.M.
Bellefontaine Ac	2:30P.M.	10:30A.M.	9:30P.M.

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI AND LAFAYETTE.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

Indianapolis Mail	8:00A.M.	11:30P.M.	12:45P.M.
Lafayette Mail	8:00A.M.	5:00P.M.	8:55P.M.
Chicago Ex	8:00A.M.	9:45P.M.	8:00P.M.
St. Louis Mail	8:00A.M.	5:00P.M.	10:30P.M.
Martinsville Ac	2:10P.M.	11:30P.M.	8:40P.M.
Indianapolis Ex	2:10P.M.	9:45P.M.	7:00P.M.
Lafayette Ex	2:10P.M.	9:45P.M.	9:55P.M.
Peoria Ex	2:10P.M.	8:55A.M.	3:30A.M.
Quincy Ex	2:10P.M.	11:30P.M.	9:35A.M.
Kansas City Ex	2:10P.M.	11:30P.M.	9:00P.M.
Ind'ap'lis Ex. daily	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	11:20P.M.
Lafayette Ex. daily	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	2:35A.M.
Chicago Ex. daily	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	7:15A.M.
St. Louis Ex. daily	7:00P.M.	6:35A.M.	7:35A.M.
Peoria Ex	7:00P.M.	8:55P.M.	4:45A.M.
Quincy Ex	7:00P.M.	2:45P.M.	4:15P.M.
Kansas City, daily	7:00P.M.	9:45P.M.	10:35P.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac	4:20P.M.	11:30P.M.	8:45P.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac	5:15P.M.	8:05A.M.	6:40P.M.
Valley Junction Ac	6:10P.M.	6:50A.M.	7:15P.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac	9:50A.M.	1:45P.M.	11:15A.M.

WHITEWATER VALLEY.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

Cambridge City Ac	8:00A.M.	9:15P.M.	4:40P.M.
Hagerstown Ac	4:20P.M.	11:30A.M.	9:00P.M.
Connersville Ac	8:00A.M.	11:20A.M.	2:40P.M.
Connersville Ac	4:20P.M.	9:45P.M.	7:52P.M.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL.
Depot, 8th and Washington, Covington. City time.

Nicholasville Ex	7:30A.M.	6:20P.M.	12:35P.M.
Nicholasville Ac	2:30P.M.	11:30A.M.	8:10P.M.
Nicholasville Mix'd.	7:30P.M.	4:30A.M.	6:00A.M.
Falmouth Ac	7:30P.M.	4:30A.M.	6:30A.M.

LITTLE MIAMI, PAN-HANDLE EAST.
Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 minutes fast.

New York Ex daily	7:15A.M.	2:50P.M.	10:35A.M.
New York Ex	1:30P.M.	8:00P.M.	7:35P.M.
New York Ex daily	7:05P.M.	4:40A.M.	8:15P.M.
Zanesville Ac	9:30A.M.	4:00P.M.	5:20P.M.
Springfield Ac	4:10P.M.	10:45A.M.	8:25P.M.
Morrow Ac	5:20P.M.	8:40A.M.	7:25P.M.
Loveland Ac	12:05P.M.	7:20P.M.	1:25P.M.
Loveland Ac	6:30P.M.	6:45A.M.	7:45P.M.
Loveland Ac	11:30P.M.	7:45A.M.	12:45A.M.

The 7:15 A. M. and 4:10 P. M. trains connect for Yellow Springs and Springfield. The Church train Leaves Loveland Sundays at 9 A. M., and returning Leaves Cincinnati at 2 P. M.

CINCINNATI AND MUSKINGUM VALLEY.
Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Zanesville Ex	9:30A.M.	4:00P.M.	5:30P.M.
Circleville Ac	4:10P.M.	10:45A.M.	9:30P.M.

COLUMBUS, MT. VERNON AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time 7 minutes fast.

Cleveland Ex	7:15A.M.	8:00P.M.	7:15P.M.
Mt. Vernon Ex	1:30p.m.	2:50p.m.	8:25p.m.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO.
Boat, foot of Broadway, to Huntington. City Time.

Richmond Ex	4:00P.M.	6:00A.M.	4:30P.M.